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MORALITY IN FICTION.

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THE MACLEAN ORATION.
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"Literature and Life"—the relation is vital. Literature expresses man's life; it molds it. It is the truest exponent of his thinking and his universal teacher. What touches one affects the other also, and what men write and read is the best gauge of the heart-beats within. As in life the ethical nature is supreme, so is the morality of letters of highest moment. It lays bare the very roots of character. Fiction is now the truest picture of our daily life. It is the most influential of literary forms. The moral tone of fiction, then, outspoken or implied, may well claim sober thought and vigorous action.

In literary art and ethics, as in the strength and earnestness of life itself, history marks cycles of progress and decay. It would seem that man in his imperfection weakens under the strain of prolonged goodness, relapses at length into his animal and baser self, and revels for a season in his license. Such alternations have occurred more than once in English literary history, each successive decline less general and less lasting, each return to better things more complete. For Christianity is leavening the world.

To-day again we stand face to face with such a supremacy of the lower man. There is looseness of morality in practice from the sorely-tried working girl to the pinnacle of our society, and in thought and writing a corresponding standard is set. Do you doubt it? Read the most popular novels of the day. The best of them preach silently but surely the poor gospel of self-sufficiency, while in too many sin itself is painted in glowing colors or insinuating detail. We are prone to underestimate the danger. Moral tone is not pointing a moral, nor is all immorality open beckoning to vice. When we remember how quickly contact with the impure in thought alone contaminates the very source of action we may well be dismayed at the negative or unhealthful tone of many a modern novel.

It is our periodic retrograde in social and literary ethics. Perhaps French work is the direct occasion, since envying French art we have thought it necessary to copy French uncleanness, too. But it has met on our part a lowered standard of social morals and a more widespread laxity than we ourselves sometimes imagine. Our literature has not been slow to take advantage of barriers broken down. The evil is upon us and demands our serious attention.

We say an evil; has it a defense? We may dismiss

as almost childish that weak claim that the portrayal of vice educates by revulsion and so fulfills a salutary purpose. There may be education in showing the effects of wrong-doing, but the details of sin itself men read from no such motive. Can you know so little of human nature? No; this is the working in thought of a passion which dares not express itself in action.

The only important argument is that of realism. "Life as it is"—and undoubtedly there is sin in the world. "Leave evil out of our fiction and you have no true picture of life." But tell me this: is there no good in the world, no progress toward the better, no God? Then may you content yourself with self-centred morality or none at all. But as the world really is, there is no truth in presenting sin as pleasant, wrong as victorious, or even morality as salvation. We want real life in our fiction "because we believe it is a good thing." A realism which "believes only that to be true which is disagreeable," and makes selection of our weaknesses and sorrows, violates its own foundation principle.

The question of real and ideal is simply this. Life is neither all divine nor all human. It is both; and with both must literature deal. We must have the real to reach men, the ideal to lift men and help them to reach God. Life is progressing God-ward, and if literature has any mission it must go before. It must not leave us in the sloughs and dark, nor yet, professing to guide us into light, bring us no further than the barren plain of morals without motive, striving without strength, goodness without God.

The days indeed are evil, but there is no room for despair. We have too much faith in humanity to suppose that it can stay forever in the depths. It will rise, as it has risen before, to higher ideals and nobler living. Nay, the day already brightens. Literature is crying out against

itself. Clearer and stronger comes the call for truth and helpfulness. Life must be purified if thought is to be free, and literature can deal the strongest blow to strike off its own shackles.

Are you a reader of unwholesome fiction? Remember that you form a part of that public demand which authors sometimes urge as their excuse. Do you expect to enter the field of letters? Yours is a grand responsibility. Reverse the parable and give the people bread though they do ask a stone. Let us not forget the familiar truth that the only sure way to supplant evil is to plant good. Art's aim is one of happiness, and sin is sorrow.

Fiction enters more lives and stirs more hearts to-day than any other literary form. How long shall so much of it continue to infect our mind with the diseases of this great world body, the morbid, and the unsound. Let us have rather "the wholesome stories that lighten the burdens and refresh the souls of men." Give us health and purity, fresh air and sunshine, "sweetness and light."

—*Edward Strong Worcester.*

AN ARTIST'S DREAM.

It was Charles Lamb, I think, who summed up his experience of many of life's mysteries in the statement that "there is no law to judge the lawless, nor canons by which a dream may be criticized." With some, their part in the land of visions is as real to them as their activity in this more substantial world. You call them ignorant, and their faith you name superstition, but with equal confidence they will assert that in artificial refinement you have lost this deeper insight into the truths of nature and of

spirit. There was a time when I laughed at all their trifling as you may smile at the delusion which became part of my life. But there came a day when my derision ceased; in one night my scorn for dreamers' dreams was ended, for on that night I dreamed a dream. None of those shadowy fancies was it that flit through your mind when the early summer's sun disturbs your sleep, no pictured fantasy that plays amid the flames and embers on a winter's night, when your head nods before the hearth-fire, but a dream with heart and soul, a dream that stayed with me and lived and grew like other God-created things.

By profession I was an artist, and have sometimes dared to think that in a truer sense I had some claim to be so called. Had I never been able to touch a brush to canvass, nor with pen, nor chisel, nor any other implement to make pictures for the world, I yet should have had something which is denied to other men—an artist's rapture in a glorious landscape, an artist's joy in the subtler beauties of the mind.

It was partially for professional reasons, partly for pleasure, that I made my ever-remembered trip to one of the middle England lakes many summers ago. I was not much more than a boy then, and the impressions made upon me were deep and lasting. I shall never forget my sensations when first the glories of that lakelet burst upon my view. My life had been spent among scenes which I had thought beautiful, but all memories seemed to dwarf before the beauties around me. The little lake nestled among the hills, the islands with their lavish verdure, the hills themselves, the trees and the great blue sky, all reflected far down in the placid depths—no wonder the effect upon my mind begot strange things.

But I was not then left long to my reveries. By the landing awaited a little boat which I hastily boarded and was soon skimming over the water. When we neared the opposite

shore, the grandeur of the effect was greatly intensified both by the proximity of the scenery and by the new light of the sun which was now nearing its setting. All was quiet and solitary, not even a building was to be seen except the turrets of a distant castle, visible above the trees. But as we rounded a projecting point there was disclosed to us a little cottage, half buried in the forest and before it a girl, tall and graceful, beautiful in form and feature. As now I look back upon that scene, I cannot but think how often in the days that were to follow that same form filled the same office for me, giving personality to my landscapes and humanity to my raptures, while all this time how greatly we both mistook the part that she was playing!

The next morning I arose early to enjoy to the utmost the effects of the rising sun. With my kit in hand I wandered along the shore, intending to call for my meals at farm houses near the lake. Now and then I stopped to pencil a little sketch which was suggested by the way, sometimes sat down by a dashing brook or made a bed of the grass on some high bank to look out over the water. Toward midday I came upon the point which had attracted my attention the night before. The cottage stood as I had seen it on the previous evening, almost as charming in the glare of noonday as it had been in the mellow light of sunset. Again the scene was completed by the fairy of my former picture. I had already learned that no formality was desired among these people, so I stopped when I came to the girl and remarked upon the wonderful view which the point commanded. She replied with some reserve and in a voice full of music, bespeaking a native refinement. Then began our acquaintance, and in the great dark eyes that looked at me from beneath those lashes I read a character one need never mistrust if once he be a friend.

I did not continue our conversation, but passed

on and spent the day as I had intended, strolling and resting and sketching, breathing full draughts of the refreshing mountain air and revelling in the paradise of scenery. But after my return, when the cool evening breezes greeted me before the cottage, it was the soft eyes and graceful form of my new friend that insisted upon controlling my reveries of the day.

The house in which I found myself settled for the summer was a comfortable home in a cosy, but not conspicuous, position near the shore of the lake. My landlord was one of the tenants of a great estate which stretched far along the lake, and, with his wife and one child, led a quiet life in the little cottage. With them my association could not be extensive, so I spent the greater part of my days wandering along the beach or out on the hills, while in the evening I lay about and rested, passing my time usually in reading.

But this does not tell all the story. I found one place where I could at all times have agreeable companionship, and that over in the cottage on the point. Here, as I had soon discovered, lived the Worths—father, mother and daughter. In Maud I gained the only companion whom I had in the neighborhood, and consequently passed much time in her company. She had read widely in fiction, poetry and history, and we found an absorbing pastime in discussing our favorite authors or in reading aloud from their works. Thus we spent many a day, rambling through the fields and woods, and so many an evening was passed, either within the cottage or out on the point overlooking the lake.

During all this time I maintained an enthusiastic interest in my art. Indeed, I became more and more engrossed with it in my raptures over the field there open for my work. For weeks I did not think seriously of my growing attachment, but the time came

when I could not but think why it was that the little cottage claimed so much of my time, nor could I fail to perceive what was meant by the bright glances of that honest, Oriental eye. When this new light was suddenly flashed upon our relations, my pleasure in them became even more deep. How long men may live together and form scarcely an acquaintance, and again how well they may come to know each other in a few weeks, if only the intercourse between them be frequent and sympathetic! So when two months of the summer were gone I already counted Maud among my oldest friends, as well as regarding her in a new light in which I had never before looked on any friend.

At last the inevitable night came when I decided to ask her henceforth to make our interests one. We had been at a wedding party together. One of her friends, some miles distant, had been married, and she had been one of the bridesmaids. I had never known she was so beautiful as I saw her upon that night. She was clearly the queen of the party, and my heart beat with pride as I looked upon her evening's victory. Flushed with this same spirit, I had determined that, as we drove home, I should take the decisive step and claim her for my own.

Whether my confidence was warranted or not, I doubted her love no more than my own, nor did I ever imagine that she had anything to stand between her love and its fulfillment. So I had no embarrassment, no fears, nothing to make me hesitate in saying the final words; but mile by mile the moonlit lake glided past, the forest's dark outline turned rapidly by us and the question was not asked. Was it because I felt I did not love her as I should, that I pitied her simplicity, pitied her that she was too easily my prize, or was it some presentiment which said, Be not too hasty, wait until this night is past? At any rate, the words were never spoken, and that same night I dreamed my dream.

She placed a dainty parcel in my hand as we bade good night at the door step, then laughed and said, "Put that under your pillow, and this night you will dream of your own true love." And so I put the bit of wedding cake under my pillow as she said, smiling the time at my childishness.

Was it only the effect of the beauty I had seen at the party still lingering in my artist's mind, or was it truly a picture sent from prophet land? That night I saw a vision—a face, clear, bright and beautiful, as real to me as the face of my own mother. This was all my dream—a face simply, but a glorious face, large eyed and fair, clustered with waving curls! Nor did it vanish with the rising sun. When I awoke it clung to me, and only for an instant I shut my eyes and thought, Where have I seen—whose is that face? Then flashed across me the words of the night before. Yes, this was my "own true love." You call it a wild fantasy, but the thought never came to me that this picture was not real. Dressing hastily, I went down stairs, and as I looked out from the window I should not have been surprised to see my new friend walking amidst the trees before the cottage. And so from hour to hour the dream lived in my mind; nothing could drive that face from my memory, nothing could take my "true love" from my thoughts.

Heedlessly I wandered, as had been my custom, toward the much frequented point. I had almost reached the cottage when, for the first time, I thought of Maud and of my feelings toward her. But my thought was too late, for just then I caught sight of herself coming to bid me good morning. As she saw the embarrassment upon my face, the smile died from her lips and she came toward me in a tremble.

"You are not looking well this morning," was all she said, but I thought from her look and tone that she

had devined in my face a deeper meaning, at which she was appalled. As I stood and looked upon her my whole being was filled with a consciousness of guilt—to be loved and love not, it does not sound so culpable, but oh, the pain of it, the remorse!

As soon as was possible, I returned to my cottage and tried to fathom my madness, but all in vain. For the next few days I went to see her often, tried to be to her as I had always been, but I saw she knew as much, indeed, as I could have told her, though she bore herself always with a dignity which nothing but a tear drop I now and then espied and the dignity itself could betray. I tried to bury all troubles in my art, but the picture which I painted with hours and days of care was none other than the magic face, which stood out from the canvass with all but the reality of the haunting vision in my mind.

Soon my position became so painful that I could not remain longer, so, bidding Maud a formal farewell, I shot again across the little lake, and in a day found myself in London. I soon banished from my mind the memories of the summer's outing, but the face remained with me always. The painting which I had made of it was shown in the art exhibition and received with the highest praise. The classic outlines of its beauty, the Hebraic nobility of its expression, could not but impress all in some such way as it affected me, only that to them it was a work of art, to me it was a woman. The painting was finally deposited in a London museum, and there, doubtless, it may be seen to-day.

For more than one reason I felt that I needed a change, and determined to come to America. Perhaps beneath it all I had a lurking presentiment that here I might find the original of my picture. I set out for New York a few months later, and there I remained for many months. The

time passed pleasantly, but not eventfully. The face for which I sought remained forever indelible in my memory, but nearly two years had passed and I saw nothing more material than the image in my mind.

I gained a fair number of friends, at first among the New York artists, then in a more varied circle of acquaintanceship. I had all the society I wished, and spent many of my evenings in the company of my associates or at social gatherings. But during the day I remained in my studio, and it was here I found the leisure and the inclination for revery and thought. Often the face came up before me; indeed, it was the centre of my thinking, as it was of my ambition. At times, too, I thought of the circumstances under which it had been born. I found a pleasure in recalling the beauties of the little lake and the happy days there spent, though the central part of those pictures I always banished from my mind even before it arose. Of the girl whose heart I had robbed I dared not think. I dared not so much as dwell upon her form or bring her face before my mind. I well knew that no love could ever replace my strange infatuation for the dream picture, wherever the living personation might reside, whenever I might chance to meet her.

With my artist's imagination I would ponder for many an idle hour upon this latter image, wondering when the time would come that I should meet my destined bride. Once or twice I threw off a sketch of the face, thinking to paint another picture like the first, but for some reason the picture was never even begun. Many a painting, however, was made of the little lake and its various points of beauty, and, next to my reveries on the immortal face, I most enjoyed the memories thus awakened.

So one year passed and another had almost glided away. I had succeeded well from a business standpoint

and decided to make a visit to my native land. Arrangements were soon made, and before long I found myself again upon the peerless streets of London. I was welcomed by hosts of friends, some in whose grasp I felt the pressure of my success across the sea, some whose faithfulness no worldly circumstances could control. But all alike I met with pleasure. I walked the streets in an ecstasy—to be in England, in grand old London once more! It was late spring when I arrived. In the early summer a trip had been planned to the north for a month's recreation. I gladly accepted an invitation to join the party, and started off with a jolly company to enjoy the pleasures of June in the most beautiful parts of the country.

It was in this way that I found myself one bright morning upon the little lake of another summer's recollection. I broke away from the party to see again the haunts of my former visit. How natural it all appeared! The sky and the lake, the forests and the hills united in the same old picture. There was the tree-clad point, stretching out into the water, here the little cottage just as I had seen it last.

Near this I could not resist from landing, and, half hesitantly, I walked along the beach. On account of the dense foliage, the cottage could not be seen till one was well upon it, and as I passed round a projecting clump of trees, it was suddenly presented fully to my view. By the door-step a girl was at work. At the sound of footsteps she looked quickly up, and—had I gone mad?—revealed to me *that* face, *my* face! What did it mean! Gone? No, surely this was Maud Worth. Changed? Surely these were the same familiar features. But there was no time for conjecture; she had recognized me and I must make my greeting. More dazed than I had been under my embarrassment two years before, I grasped her hand, but despite the misunderstanding and the long absence, neither could mistake the mutual warmth in that first clasp.

"I feared you were never coming," she said simply, though her eyes spoke oceans of meaning.

"Oh, Maud, Maud," I exclaimed, "how can I ever ask your forgiveness?"

"Forgiveness?" she said, "do not now speak of forgiveness; no nor ever again." But she little knew what she said in that 'forgive,' and I indeed knew scarcely more.

What else was said just then I do not well remember, but I afterwards took leave of my party and again made the little lake my home. I could not yet comprehend what transformation had occurred, but I knew that I now loved Maud Worth with an ardor I had not known before—a love mixed with no pity and no scorn. And I knew, too, that the image of my dreams had at last been found, in some strange manner identified with the object of my former passion.

Some months later, as my wife and I were walking on the streets of London, I noticed the museum in which my first great picture had been deposited. We turned aside and entered, then proceeded along the galleries to where the painting had been placed. I glanced at the spot where I had expected to find it, but an unknown face looked out at me from the canvass. I referred to the catalogue to find what change had been made, but the picture was identical. Then, like a long lost memory, the face returned again—this face before me, with its cold, classic beauty and passive nobleness—and was it this face I had loved? Then I knew that an unconscious struggle between the shadow and the real had taken place in my mind, and that, although the artist had been able to cling for a time to the idol of his own creation, the inner self had judged better and had finally prevailed.

—*John J. Moment.*

FREE.

Loosed are the bonds that held my soul,
And afar on the leaping bay
I steer with the North Star for my goal,
At the close of the autumn day.
Then hey! for the rush of the cutting prow
And the thrill of a wild delight—
Where the bell-buoy swings as the seagull clings
I gloom thro' the wave-born night.

I was clamped by a horror beyond all name,
A plaything to bless or to ban,
Till the spirit within me surged in flame
And I knew I was yet a man.
Then hey! for the great brown wing I love,
The swoop of the sail in the breeze,
For the jarring sound of the past is drowned
'Mid the clash of the tumbling seas.

The will has won in a life's revolt—
A weird voice bids me forth—
And keen as the stabbing thunderbolt
I haste toward the mystic north.
Then hey! for the whirlwind, headlong, grim—
And hey! for the iceking's glee,
Thro' zephyr and gale alike I sail—
Unfettered and fierce and free.

—David Potter.

COLLEGE MEN AND LITERATURE.

When we realize how many college graduates are turning to literature as a profession, we wonder what motives possess them, and what ideals they hold. When we examine the literature of the day we are downcast at the lack of strong, clear words ringing out for the preservation of our morality and our artistic ideals. We may not agree with Nordau, the thunderer, and his scheme of degeneracy, but we cannot deny that, at least here in

America, we are not holding the position in which the Cambridge School placed us a quarter of a century ago.

The query of the wherefore and the whither in regard to our national literature is one deserving the most careful attention. We may safely assume that our literature to-day is not what we would have it, and that the present writers are not fulfilling their duties as well or as faithfully as those of even a decade past. There is, however, no necessary agreement with Nordau when we appropriate for our own use some of his phrases and terms, and we in no way place ourselves under his classification of degenerates when we acknowledge that there is a degeneration in our literature and among our literary men. We surely have no true successors to Irving, Hawthorne, Emerson or Lowell, but we do not consequently call our present day writers idiots or maniacs. The work of prophesying to what end we will come or in what manner the first quarter of the twentieth century will be marked in our literature, is not one to which the pen willingly lends itself, nor is it our purpose to lift our eyes from the present and consider the future. Perhaps we feel with regard to the future somewhat as the old Scotch Presbyterian did in regard to funerals. With great awe and solemnity he inquired of the minister: "Div ye ken what I aye think of at a funeral?" And continuing with great gravity of manner—"I aye think I'm desprit glad it's no me."

We are concerned with the present, and while no very pleasant prospect can yet reassure us regarding the future, still we can not but feel that it rests with us to a great extent whether our hopes or our fears are to be realized.

The reasons, however, of this degeneration and the causes of the weak writing which characterizes our present productions, are things with which we have most intimately to do. For it is here that we may be able to stem the downward current, and it is particularly appropriate and

right to say we, for it is from the ranks of young college graduates that literature is drawing the great majority of its followers. If there is to be a change in the present tendencies and characteristics of American literature, it is because the new men in the ranks have come from the University with different ideals and a new spirit of work.

Perhaps it may not be amiss to think of one or two mistakes which a young man is liable to make. We hear him say he is going into "literature." What is he going to write about, from what general standpoint is he going to write, and why does he write, are three very important questions.

We believe that too many college graduates are willing to drift along, writing on any theme that presents itself. If they happen to know something of the subject, so much the better; if not, attention to style is believed to make up for lack of sense and dearth of information. But "it is not style that makes a man's blood tingle so much as high words on a stirring theme."

To view the subject from the practical standpoint also, Sir Walter Scott once said: "Literature is a good crutch, but a bad staff for assistance." We believe that as a general rule the man who seeks to enter upon literature as a profession, with no particular subject upon which he not only feels he can write, but must write, is going to miss his aim in life and is bound to fail. He seeks success first of all, forgetting that it can never be secured by a direct pursuit. The downfall of a man who has made literature his profession is the hardest of all tumbles and the one from which it is the most difficult to rise. A sudden popularity based upon a fad or a pandering to conventional society ideals regardless of the writer's own, is one not destined to endure. And the misery and woe of a forgotten literary idol, a man who did not last, is about the worst that one can imagine.

The vagueness and lack of definite progress toward a striven-for goal which are seen in our literature to-day, are faults which can only be remedied by the decision of the apprentice that he will learn something, and then when he feels that he must, he will say it as well and as clearly as he can. But, as Nordau says, "The most important thing is the having something to say."

And now though we do not slight the novel or the story, still considering the abnormal growth of the American short-story it can not be amiss to say a word or two against the mere composition of pleasant tid-bits, which will never inspire the writer or the reader to high or noble deeds. Nordau says: "Under our very eyes the novel is being increasingly degraded, serious and highly cultivated men scarcely deeming it worthy of attention, and it appeals more and more exclusively to the young and to women." There is certainly some truth here. The "mere raconteur of the things of this world, day and generation," is not the man to last, nor to truly improve our literature. Oh! we may mourn our lack of poets, our dearth of vigorous Anglo-Saxon philosophers and historians, but we settle ourselves down and dry our eyes and beg to be amused by some pretty tale!

The fundamental questions for a young man are those concerning the point of view and the motive of his work. It is here that the difference must be found between the "degenerates" and the healthy writers. If a national literature is to be produced which will aid the coming generation to bear the tremendous burden of its responsibilities and inspire and strengthen it to meet the demands which progress will make upon it, then must we look to the standpoint from which our literary men speak, their ideals and aims, and the motives which actuate them.

To write verse, musical perhaps and artistic in finish, to imagine the divine afflatus within ourselves—it is very

pleasant, but have we ever caught sight of the "Gleam"?
Do we realize that it is

"Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight"?

Do we ever feel the inspiration in our work which Tennyson has so beautifully expressed in his poem of "Merlin and the Gleam"? There is something grand and uplifting, yet at the same time pathetic, in listening to the dying cry of the fine old poet, who now is calling to the youth of the world to follow that Divine spirit of inspiration and power which has led him forward for over three-score years. And it is here that, voiced in wonderful music, we find the secret of Tennyson's strength and beauty and the lesson which must be learned by every follower of his, and that is the true nature and power of this "Gleam."

Merlin sings:

"The Gleam flying onward,
Wed to the melody,
Sang thro' the world;

• • • • •
• • • • •

I saw, whenever
In passing it glanced upon
Hamlet or city
That under the Crosses
The dead man's garden,
The mortal hillock
Would break into blossom;"

And then the noble charge:

"O young mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam."

There is a sense of importance and independence which many have felt in putting on the airs of a "literary man of the world." To observe society, not that of "pro-

vincials," but "cosmopolitans," to comprehend their life and portray it, though with no feeling of brotherhood—it all sounds like "literature and culture." But we soon find that the literary culturist is bound to degenerate into a dilettante. A type of whom we could find no better than Paul Bourget's hero, Julien Dorsenne, in "Cosmopolis," who gives up the pure love of a noble woman for fear he should concentrate his attention and affections too much on one object and so lose the power of expressing himself, as a literary man, on many things. In the opening pages of that book Dorsenne, after outlining his views on the "cosmopolites" whom he has been observing and with whom he has been on most intimate relations, is questioned by his auditor, old Montfanon, the believer and enthusiast.

He asks: "The result of all this? The end of all this? What does all this observation lead you to?"

"What do you want it to lead to? To comprehension, as I have said," replied Dorsenne.

"And afterward?"

"There is no afterward to thought," replied the young man, "It is a debauch like any other, but it is mine."

"But among these people whom you see living thus," continues the old man, "there may be some whom you love and whom you hate, whom you despise, and whom you esteem. Do you never have an idea that, with your great intelligence, you have some duties toward them and may aid and raise them?"

The young man almost laughs in his face and goes off to another engagement. Here we see the "modernist's" point of view, the dilettante's motive, if such can be said to have a motive.

Let us quote again from the closing pages of the same book. A great sorrow has befallen Dorsenne, and he is again talking with Montfanon, who says: "But this (intellectual) voluptuousness is for you the sole motive, the

only object of your existence, the end and result of the entire universe. * * * For of all egotisms that one is the worst which degrades the highest power of the soul to be but a tool for the most barren and inhuman of pleasures."

"There is truth in what you say," replies Dorsenne, "but you are mistaken if you think that the most ultra intellectual men of our age have not suffered from this abuse of thought. What can be done, alas! It is the malady of an over-cultivated century, and it has no cure."

"It has one," answers Montfanon, "and one you do not wish to see." Then he quotes from Balzac: "Thought, principle of good and evil can only be prepared, subdued and directed by religion?"

Here is the thing in a phrase the standpoint to which we must hold, the motive which must impel us. The study of social and political subjects from the combined point of view of religion and culture is a far higher theme than can be found in the mere general literature of the day. Men may begin with the humanities, but they must come to the divinities before they can progress very far with the former. When Tennyson and Lowell, Dean Stanley and Charles Kingsley take to Christianity as the guiding principle of their culture, we know where to put our faith for the downfall of the "degenerates" and the salvation of our Anglo-Saxon literature. When referring to Tennyson a poet speaks of "a soul that grew to music till it was with God in tune," and another of "The eyes that looked through life and gazed on God," they can have reference to no religious pedantry or priggishness, but a motive for life work which had its roots deep grounded in love for God and for his fellowmen. We can read a fuller meaning into the poem on the "Gleam," and draw higher lessons from its theory of art.

What must we urge upon the university-bred young man? We are confident that he has a mission to perform,

and to accomplish it the culture and learning with which he comes into the world of letters must be controlled by motives which rise from love for his Maker and sympathy with his fellowmen.

In closing perhaps it will not be out of place to quote the dedication which Dr. Van Dyke inscribes in his book on the "Poetry of Tennyson." It contains suggestions for deep and noble thought. He writes :

"To a young woman of an old fashion, who loves art, not for its own sake, but because it ennobles life; who reads poetry, not to kill time, but to fill it with beautiful thoughts; and who still believes in God and Duty and Immortal Love, I dedicate this book."

—*Alfred L. P. Dennis.*

IN CHINESE CAMP.

We had been riding all day among the Sequoia pines which dot the foot-hills of the Sierras. Our horses were tired after the long ascent, and no doubt shared with their riders a feeling of relief as, dusty and bedraggled, we made our way along the once active thoroughfare of Chinese Camp. Since our earliest days we had read of this famed mining settlement, and even now as we rode through the deserted street we were reminded on all sides of its past glory. The long rows of brick buildings were barred and empty, the streets were overgrown with grass, while the only evidences of life were two or three Chinamen, who peered at us curiously as we passed. Soon the familiar Wells-Fargo Express Co. sign met our eyes, and we dismounted before a dingy brick building, which evidently represented the total commerce of the town.

"Any place we can hang out 'round here?" inquired Harvey, who always acted the part of spokesman on these occasions.

"Ain't no boardin' places as I knows of," replied a vicious looking specimen of manhood who had been playing poker with a Chinaman in the rear of the store, but had risen on our entrance.

"Don't know anyone who would take us in for the night, do you?" essayed Harvey.

"Might try Jim Stokes, that 'ere miner on the ridge yonder. He's got a good cabin and keeps a hoss, too."

"What are our chances?" I asked meekly.

"No knowin'. He might keep ye and thin agin he mightn't." With which conclusive remark the chief merchant of Chinee Camp settled himself on his stool, picked up his greasy cards and was once more lost in the game.

We paused a moment, uncertain what to do. "Gimme three, raise ye two bits, take 'em," came monotonously from the back of the store.

"Well, no harm in trying," said Harvey; so mounting our horses we started for Jim Stokes' cabin. We soon reached our destination, but the occupant was evidently not in. Repeated knocks at the door brought no answer, and a hasty glance at the deserted horse shed was proof conclusive. We sat down on a bench outside the cabin, determined to await his return.

"Isn't that beautiful!" exclaimed Harvey, as his eyes wandered beyond the foot-hills to where the mountains with their eternal snow glittered in the sunlight. We had not long to admire the view, however. Jim Stokes himself soon appeared, dressed in the regulation mining attire, a pick on his shoulder, leading his horse after him. He was a man of medium height, with piercing grey eyes, a straggling beard and an expression which in repose was determined almost to severity.

"Bound for the Yosemite?" he inquired as he came up. We nodded assent and proceeded to explain our mission. His reception was a very pleasant surprise. He insisted upon unsaddling our horses himself, made us perfectly welcome for the night, and had soon cooked us a delicious supper.

"Been here long?" I inquired after supper, as we were lying in front of the cabin enjoying the long twilight and balmy air of California.

"Nigh on forty years 'round, an' I tell you boys it ain't what it used to be," replied the miner. "Why that town (pointing toward Chinee Camp) used to be one of the biggest towns in California. The way them miners 'round here used to pile in of a night, and the goings on, the drinkin' and gamblin', I tell ye thar ain't nothin' like it now-a-days. It was in that there place I done myself for good—yes, sir, might jes as well shot myself fer all I've done since."

"How did it happen?" asked Harvey, who had stretched himself out full length on the ground.

"It ain't much of a story, but it meant lots to Jim Stokes, I ken tell ye. Ye see, I shipped out here in '52 with a lot of young 'uns, an' youse may bet we didn't waste no time in 'Frisco, but jes made up here fer the diggins. I was lucky right from the start. It weren't more'n a year when Joe (he was my pard. Got shot 'bout ten year ago an' is buried in that cañon yonder). Well, he an' I took to pocket minin'. It weren't much at first, but one day I struck somethin' hard an' pulled out a good big lump. It weren't as big as ye hear tell of. Them kind is mostly lies. Nuggets ain't lyin' 'round loose in these parts. But the one I struck jes done for Jim Stokes, ye can bet. 'Now Jim,' I says to myself, 'you quit. Jes pull up them 'ere stakes and git. The folks is waitin' fer

ye at home, and ye ken pay up that mortgage on the farm an' jes settle down. You've had enough of this durn life.' So I settled with Joe, said good-bye to all the fellers 'round here and started for 'Frisco.

"Jo, he went as far as Chinee Camp with me, an' somehow (it ain't pleasant thinkin' of them times, boys), well, I got to takin' good-bye drinks and then I took some more to my luck and then to the folks at home. The room was full an' all of 'em were drinkin' an' gamblin'. I got more an' more excited. Joe came tryin' to pull me away, an' I got mad. 'This gold,' says I, 'ain't your'n nor anybody else's, an' if I want to use it jes let anyone try and stop me.' After Joe I didn't recollect much more. My head was swimmin' an' everybody seemed to be yellin', an' I could jes hear them men from the other end of the room screamin' again and again, 'Red side, black side, star green.' After a while they wouldn't give me no more drinks and I got talkin' kind of excited. 'See here,' says I, 'there ain't no man in this room that's got more'n I have. I'm Jim Stokes and I jes struck a lot of luck and I'm goin' home an'—but they stopped me an' I don't remember anything after that till next mornin', when I found myself lyin' out on an old bench jes hangin' on to an empty bag. Ye see, boys, I left that 'ere nugget an' all them savin's right down in Chinee Camp. Well, there ain't much more to tell. I got a lift back to the diggin's, an' I can see Joe yet a standin' in the cabin' door. He looked kind o' queer at me. 'Jim,' he says, 'you've made a durn fool of yourself. There ain't nothin' fer ye to do but try again. You're got lots of time and luck's with ye, an' the folks can wait.' An' boys, I've been tryin' ever since. I guess the folks got tired a waitin' fer me. I've been prospectin' all over these 'ere mountains, but I ain't had the old luck. It seems as if the Almighty only give a man one chance, an' if he let that go it ain't comin' agin. I'm jes workin'

on, an' perhaps (here the old man's eyes shone with that hope which even years of disappointment could not crush) I'll strike it agin, and then I'm goin' back to the old place what has clean forgot young Jim Stokes. Anyhow, my mother's waitin' up yonder for her boy."

It had been growing darker. The great mountains seemed like mighty shadows in the distance. A few lights twinkled in Chinee Camp below us—quite a contrast to forty years ago. We knocked the cold ashes from our pipes, went quietly in the cabin and were soon asleep.

Two years later I had occasion to revisit Chinee Camp. I had been fishing in the Toulemne river and was on my way home. As I passed the old cabin where we had received such a hearty welcome two years before I noticed that it was fast falling to pieces. Dismounting, I walked along the overgrown path and pushed open the door. The room was bare and empty with the exception of the old stove, broken and rusty, and a shelf covered with a few dusty cans. I walked around to the back of the cabin. There I found a small mound, on which some kind friend had placed a flat stone and had carved in rough letters the simple inscription, "*Jim.*" He had gone home to his mother at last.

—*Roland S. Morris*

OCTOBER.

Ah, how we love these perfect autumn days,
When we have watched the weary Summer sink
To her long rest beyond the hill-bound brink
Of kindly heaven! At eventide, the rays
Of the red setting sun, up shady ways
Peer roguishly with smile and cautious wink
To catch the pale hydrangias blushing pink,
To startle all the asters with a blaze
Of loving warmth. Half frightened by the rude
October winds, the dahlias, red as morn,
Or dipped a thousand times in purest gold
Draw heads together, and in silence brood
How, day by day, they grow still more forlorn
As, one by one, their days of doom are told.

—Francis Charles McDonald.

AMONG THE MARSHES.

Captain Henry Trillon was one of the most influential oyster growers on the Delaware Bay. It is true that his worldly possessions, as represented by the area of oyster beds, were by no means remarkable, but if a wide-spread reputation for resolute integrity can be expressed in baser form he was indeed rich. Trillon's oyster grounds were situated on the New Jersey shore, not far from the mouth of Copper Creek, while Trillon himself resided on a bit of arable ground, technically known as an "island," a mile back among the marshes. Blessed as he was, with a loving wife and family and an income adequate for all their needs, Captain Trillon might well have been an object of envy to many—two things, however, were as thorns in his flesh. One was the loss produced by the thefts of oyster-pirates, the other was connected with his only daughter, Maggie. The forays of the pirates were unwelcome at best,

but sporadic in their nature, and, like the starfish or north-west storms, were regarded as almost inevitable visitations, for which due allowance must be made. The other trouble, and one which gave the captain a more continual uneasiness, was not so much caused by his daughter as by the wayward conduct of Rob Merrick, a young oysterman. There were moments, indeed, when Captain Trillon unwillingly admitted that it was his own over-severe hand which had given young Merrick the decisive impetus on the downward road.

Rob Merrick lived on the bay shore some miles below the Trillions, and for years had been devoted to Maggie. Their engagement had been a well-understood thing, and their marriage but a question of time until the discovery by Captain Trillon of Merrick's gaming proclivities. The young oysterman, through thoughtlessness and a desire for amusement, had resorted to gambling in his idle moments. His losses at cards were at first slight and the new passion might have burnt itself out had not the chance word of an acquaintance opened Captain Trillon's eyes to the conduct of his daughter's lover.

To the mind of the old man there were few sins worse than that of gambling. Hot with indignation, he had entered his own house, where Merrick unfortunately happened to be, and sternly taxed the young man with his misdeeds. The latter, always of an impetuous temperament, was angered at what he deemed the other's unwarrantable severity, and answered contemptuously and with heat. A stormy scene followed. Maggie had taken her father's part, and almost before anyone knew how it was done the engagement was broken and the exasperated captain had ordered Merrick from the house forever.

As Rob rowed rapidly away among the marshes, for travel in that region is largely by boat, he had vowed that he would go to a certain warmer clime which Captain

Trillon had assured him was his ultimate destination, and had proceeded to carry out his threat without delay. The "Eelpot," a rude saloon on the Jersey beach much frequented by 'longshoremen of the rougher sort, afforded a ready opportunity and suitable materials for the dissipation into which Merrick immediately plunged.

Once, indeed, it seemed that everything would yet be well. About two weeks after their quarrel Maggie Trillon had written Merrick a humble note, imploring him to come to her the next day, and all might be explained. Unfortunate Merrick received the communication when but half recovered from a prolonged drinking-bout, and while still in his semi-maudlin condition determined to visit his former sweetheart. We will not describe the distressing scene that followed. Maggie's illusions were effectually and rudely dispelled, and the breach between the lovers was seemingly widened irreparably, while the shame and self-contempt of the unhappy young man on realizing what he had done drove him to still greater excesses.

During this time there was but one of the Trillions who had either the courage or the inclination to say a good word for Rob Merrick. Mrs. Trillon, a small, submissive woman, followed her husband in all things; but Tom, her son, a pleasant, hearty young fellow of twenty-two, occasionally braved his father's displeasure by advocating the cause of his former friend.

It was on this very subject that a discussion was in progress at the home of the Trillions on a certain afternoon in April.

"I tell you, pop," said Tom, "it ain't natural devilishness that makes Bob bad. I don't say it ain't partly his own fault, but he was a good deal more drove to it—you know how. I was talking to him to-day down at Breeze Point—"

Captain Trillon, a man about sixty years of age, who

had been listening impassively, turned his severe weather-beaten face and keen gray eye toward his son.

"I thought I told you," he interrupted, speaking in slow, deep tones, "that I didn't want you nor anyone else in this family to have anything to do with Rob Merrick."

"Well," answered Tom, by no means daunted, "I shan't pass a man I've known all my life just for a little dispute. He didn't look as if he was enjoyin' himself—he was the sickest and most miserable young fellow ever I saw."

Maggie Trillon, who had been listening eagerly to this conversation, now spoke.

"But Tom, you said you talked to him—what did he say?"

"I was comin' to that," replied her brother, "that was for you specially. Bob said he knew he'd been a scoundrel, but if you and pop would give him another chance he'd keep straight—so help him God!"

"Thomas," said Captain Trillon, sternly, "don't repeat that young man's evil words in my house."

"All right, pop; but he meant it. I believe he'd brace up anyhow if 'tweren't for that tough Relly Buckaloo; he's got poor Bob in tow now, and will land him in jail before he's through."

"That will do, boy," said the captain, in so decided a tone that Tom hesitated and stopped. "Rob Merrick shall not have another chance. What happened when I let Maggie write to him? He came to us so drunk he couldn't talk. Is that the sort of man Maggie wants for a husband?"

"No, pop, I don't," said Maggie. She spoke bravely, but she sighed, and there was a suspicion of tears in her voice as she turned to help her mother prepare their evening meal.

II.

It was the Saturday night after the conversation recorded above, and Relly Buckaloo, three parts drunk and always dangerous, was engaged in his bi-weekly "house-cleaning" in the "Eelpot" saloon.

Buckaloo was not a regular oysterman but was a squatter, or "mud-hen," as the substantial landowners contemptuously designate that lawless class which dwells in primitive cabins among the reed-covered marshes. A lean-faced man of thirty, with yellow pointed teeth protruding between his thin lips, Buckaloo was of less than medium height; his immense breadth of shoulder and wonderful activity, however, more than compensated for his lack of inches. His prowess had been evinced in many a desperate brawl and he was suspected of more than one dark deed—for the dreary marshes and the adjacent pine barrens see things of which no man dare speak.

On this particular occasion, as has been intimated, Buckaloo had been demonstrating his physical superiority to his friends and acquaintances then present in the "Eelpot" in an unusually vigorous manner. Such indeed was the pitch of enthusiasm to which Buckaloo had raised himself that he had only been sobered and reduced to a normal state at the suggestion of Bill Trealer, the proprietor of the saloon, who had backed his request with the yawning muzzles of a double-barreled shotgun. It was in consequence of this weighty argument that Buckaloo consented to moderate his bellicose transports.

"All right, Bill, all right," he exclaimed, "I'm done—I was jest a jokin'."

"Y' came near jokin' too far that time," answered Trealer, angrily.

"Well, I'm done, I tell ye," said Buckaloo. "Say, Gooble," he continued, addressing a man of somewhat his own stamp, who, with several others, had remained at a

respectful distance during the late unpleasantness. "Gooble, is Bob Merrick in the back room yit?"

"W'y, I guess so," replied Gooble Watson. "I ain't seen 'im come out. Even all yer row didn't draw 'im."

"No," said Buckaloo, sneeringly, "he ain't drunk, neither. I'll bet he's jest sittin' there a'thinkin' of that Trillon girl. W'y, if I keered fur that girl th' way Bob does, an' she wouldn't have nothin' to do with me, I'd take her away by force. I'll do it anyhow sometime, fur I ain't forgot the way Cap. Trillon knocked me down with his oar jest fur tryin' t' borrow his boat last winter."

"Tryin' t' steal it y' mean," volunteered another man. "You'd better not let Cap. Trillon or even Bob Merrick hear any sech talk. Bob's mighty touchy about Maggie Trillon."

"Pshaw," responded Buckaloo; Bob ain't got spirit enough to fight a muskrat any more. But say, Mart," he added, "you an' Gooble come on in an' we'll rouse Bob up—maybe he wants to play a game o' poker." He winked at the two men addressed, who smiled significantly as they followed him in to the next room.

The apartment in which they found themselves was smaller than the other and utterly bare of furniture, save for a few rough chairs and a plain pine table. The only noteworthy thing in the room was the figure of the young man who was seated at the table with his head clasped in his hands and who raised a gloomy face to the salutation of the new commers.

Bob Merrick was tall and powerfully built and in age might have been some five years younger than Buckaloo. His face, under ordinary circumstances, denoted a kindly, if somewhat unstable nature, but it was now lined and distorted by the evidences of his fall.

"Well, he asked sullenly, "what now?"

"W'y Bob," exclaimed Buckaloo, forcing a certain heart-

iness into his usual grating tone, "we thought we'd come in an' play a little poker with ye, if y' keered about it."

Merrick shook his head. "No," he answered, "leave me alone; I'm all right."

"Come, Bob," urged Gooble Watson, "if y' don't play ye'll git t' drinkin' pretty soon and won't be fit fur anything for a week."

The young oysterman reflected a moment. "You're right, boys," he said at length, "I've got a few dollars left, let's go ahead."

Without more words the game commenced, proceeding sometime in silence, and although Merrick's dollars rapidly diminished, he betrayed no chagrin at his constant ill-luck. As the cards fell most often in Buckaloo's favor, however, the bully gradually became talkative and condescending in manner.

"Queer how luck's been agin you th' last few months, ain't it, Bob?"

Merrick's response was inaudible, but Buckaloo continued: "Now I believe it's all the fault of Cap Trillon's daughter—she's yer Jonah."

"Jest drop her, will you, Relly," said Merrick, in a low, threatening tone. "This ain't the place nor the time to talk about her."

"W'y we're all friends here," unconcernedly answered his tormentor, who was too intent on a certain sleight-of-hand of his own to observe the young man's rising anger. "No one will give us away. Do y' know what y' oughter do—and I'll help y', too? We'll go up to Cap Trillon's some dark night, grab yer fine Maggie and get right away into the pines. Once there," added the ruffian, with an evil leer, "she'll do what you say."

With a growling curse, Merrick seized Buckaloo savagely by the throat, chairs, table and men falling in his fierce attack. Buckaloo, wild with rage, snarled and bit

at his maddened assailant as they rolled together on the floor. Once his teeth met in the young oysterman's cheek, but at that moment he fell back, half stunned by a blow on the temple. Merrick was about to repeat the blow, when Watson and Trealer, who had also been summoned by the noise, dragged him off from his exhausted opponent.

"Hold on," cried Bill Trealer, sternly, "this thing's gone fur enough. It would a' been murder in a minute. Bob, you better clear out fur a bit. Y' served him jest right, boy," he added in a lower tone, "but you better go home to-night, it's only nine o'clock."

Rob Merrick, now that his first fury was over, made no objection, and without further words, but with a scowling brow left the building. Outside the door he stood for a moment uncertain as to his course; then, impelled by a sudden longing, he stepped into a boat and pulled quickly up a small stream that ran past the home of the Trillions.

It was a clear night, and as he cautiously skirted the "island" on which stood the house he knew so well, there was sufficient light to disclose a girlish figure leaning against a post on the little wharf in the rear of the building. Urged by recollection of other days, Merrick placed his hand on his lips, and the next moment the long, shuddering cry of the nighthawk sounded on the still air. Maggie started at the well-known signal, and, coming swiftly forward to the edge of the stream, looked up and down its dark current. With a single stroke of his oars Merrick brought his skiff to her feet.

"Rob," said Maggie, softly, "are you there? Oh, if pop should see you!"

Rob regarded her sweet face wistfully. "Would you care, Maggie," he asked, eagerly, "if the old man shot me for hangin' 'round here?"

"Oh, don't talk about it," the girl answered, "it would be a dreadful thing."

"Maggie," exclaimed her lover, "will you give me another chance?"

The recollection of the young man's appearance and actions at their former interview arose overpoweringly in Maggie's mind.

"But remember what you did the other time," she said with a shudder of disgust. "Rob, why didn't you keep straight then!"

"I was a fool," he answered hoarsely.

In his earnestness he stood up in his boat, intending to step upon the wharf. As he did so his face was brought out from the shadow, disclosing for the first time his red and swollen cheek on which the marks of Buckaloo's teeth were still plainly visible.

Maggie started back in horror, her feeling of pity changing rapidly to contempt of the man who could again come to her, as she supposed, fresh from some drunken brawl.

"You have been fighting," she exclaimed, "and you can talk of doing better!"

Merrick, too proud to say in what cause and in defense of whose honor he had received the wound, made no reply. Maggie indignantly continued: "When you show you are man enough to use another chance right, then come here again." Her voice broke and she turned and was gone.

Merrick stood for a moment stupefied. He had gone thither with a half-formed purpose of leading a better life, come what might, if by so doing he might ultimately be restored to Maggie's favor. He had just been hurled, as it seemed to him, cruelly and wantonly, into outer darkness. As he urged his boat swiftly back toward where the lights of the "Eelpot" gleamed far across the marsh, his thoughts were black within him and his heart was ripe for any evil.

III.

The first lances of the rising sun began to lighten the thickness of the morning mist. A cool breeze stirred the reeds and rippled the water against Rob Merrick's sloop, where it swung at anchor just within the mouth of Copper Creek.

A great blue heron, out for its morning meal, flapped heavily over, almost brushing the face of Merrick himself as he lay slumbering uneasily in the bow of the vessel.

Aroused by the movement of the bird, the young oysterman opened his eyes and looked stupidly about. At first he was at a loss to account for his surroundings, but little by little the events of the night before came to his mind. As in a dream, he recalled how he had returned to the "Eelpot" saloon—how, instead of the desperate fight with Relly Buckaloo which he had anticipated and, indeed, almost longed for, the bully, to Rob's surprise, had made friendly advances. He thought of the reconciliation which followed and of the scheme for revenge on the Trillons which Buckaloo had craftly unfolded.

Yes, he remembered it all now. The robbery of Captain Trillon's oyster-beds was a deed that would not only benefit the pockets of the thieves, but would also injure the captain in one of his tenderest spots. Merrick had agreed to lend himself and his boat to the enterprise and recalled with a start that this was the morning that the attempt was to be made. Well, he would do what he could to further the destruction of Trillon's oyster crop. His vengeful resolutions were interrupted by a murmur of voices from the stern of the sloop, the speakers being hidden by the top of the intervening cabin.

"Say, Mart," said a rough voice, which Merrick recognized as that of Gooble Watson, "what time did Relly tell us to start?"

"'Bout ha'-past five," answered the man addressed as

Mart. "Relly's got to have time to git t' Trillon's, y' know."

"That's somethin' Bob don't know about," chimed in another voice with a malicious laugh; "nor th' shootin' party old man Trillon's got down at the beds."

"Shut up, growled Watson; "what if he heerd ye!"

"He's asleep, fast enough," said the other. "Relly drugged that whiskey good."

Rob Merrick had listened to this conversation at first carelessly, then with strained attention. What was this he heard of drugged whiskey and Buckaloo at Trillon's home? Thank heaven, the drug had failed to work, at any rate—but what was Mart saying?

"Ye see when we get down to the beds Bob will be too stupid to know or keer what he's doin', so we'll jest put him where he'll be in plain sight from Cap Trillon's mud fort and tong what oysters we kin, always keepin' low ourselves. If the old man puts a bullet from one o' them Winchesters through Bob, w'y that ain't our fault, and Bob's boat will be ourn. Relly tends to the girl."

In a flash Merrick saw the whole villainous scheme. Captain Trillon and several of his neighbors had constructed a sort of rifle-pit overlooking the planting-grounds for the very purpose of preventing the attacks of thieves. In some way Watson and his companions had informed Captain Trillon of the intended raid in order that while the honest men of the city were engaged in saving their property at the shore, Buckaloo might enter the home of the Trillons, deprived of its masculine defenders, and carry off Maggie Trillon, as he had threatened.

Merrick realized it all. Stung to activity by what he had heard, he did not heed the cold-blooded plan for his death; it was the thought of Maggie Trillon that moved him. Maggie in the hands of Buckaloo! She must be saved, even if his own life were the price!

It was not yet quite light; there was still time to escape and warn Captain Trillon of the fate which threatened his daughter.

Silently and swiftly the young oysterman removed his long rubber boots. He listened—the sound of muttered conversation still continued—the men in the stern of the sloop had evidently taken no alarm. As softly as a loon Merrick slipped into the water and struck out strongly toward the shore; the morning mist still hanging close to the surface of the river, effectually concealed the swimmer and he reached the reeds undetected. Resting a moment in their friendly shelter, he rallied all his strength and started across the marshes toward Captain Trillon's rifle-pit.

How Merrick ever traversed the two intervening miles he could never tell. Struggling fiercely through reeds and tangled grass, wading in quaking black bogs, swimming creeks and hidden channels he pressed on, his heart filled with the one desire to be in time. In his mad haste he scarcely noticed the sloping mud bank which suddenly arose before him, nor heeded the peremptory challenge with which he was greeted. Before he could comprehend that he had reached his goal, there was a quick rush behind him, a dark shadow seemed to leap out from the grass and Merrick fell senseless, struck down by the hands of the very men he had come to warn.

When he returned to consciousness it was clear day and he found himself lying in the center of a little group of armed men with the stern face of Captain Trillon looking down upon him.

"Maggie!" gasped the bewildered Merrick, "is she safe?"

"This is no time for fooling, Rob Merrick," responded the old man. "You have come to the end of your rope, but you must be crazy to attack the fort alone."

"No, no," cried the other brokenly. "Your daughter, Relly, save her!"

"There's something in this," interrupted Tom Trillon, pressing forward. "Now, Bob, keep cool and say what's wrong."

In a few hurried sentences Merrick told of the plot which he had overheard and of the errand which had brought him thither. The incredulity which was at first stamped on the faces of the listening men speedily changed to conviction as the story was unfolded.

"The man is telling the truth," exclaimed Captain Trillon. "Tom, you come with me;" you others guard the beds, though I don't think those fellows will bother you when they find Rob is gone. Rob, you better stay here.

"No," urged Merrick, "I'm all right; I'll go with you."

The three proceeded hurriedly along a sort of board walk, partly constructed on firm ground and partly supported on piles, which led directly from the oyster beds to the home of the Trillons. The two other men soon distanced the exhausted Merrick, who nevertheless hastened as swiftly as his fatigue and late wound would permit.

As they neared the island a succession of piercing screams and the sound of a struggle within the house showed that they might yet be too late. With a fierce shout Captain Trillon ran across the little bridge, closely followed by Tom. As they approached, the door of the house was flung open and Relly Buckaloo darted out, pistol in hand, his pointed teeth gleaming between his parted lips. Turing as he saw the rescuers so near at hand, and firing his pistol as he ran, he leaped toward the little wharf. At that moment Merrick appeared from the other side of the building, and overtaking Buckaloo by a desperate effort, seized him by the shoulder. But in his weakened condition the young oysterman was no match

for the desperate squatter. With a fierce snarl Buckaloo dashed him headlong to the ground and ran out upon the wharf.

"Shoot! shoot!" cried Merrick, "or he'll dive and get clear yet."

On the edge of the wharf Buckaloo turned to fire his pistol at his pursuers. His face shone clear against the dark bank beyond and Captain Trillon's Winchester cracked sharply. With a jeering imprecation and laughing frightfully, the man threw his hands above his head and dived cleanly into the black and sullen current below.

"Missed him," exclaimed Tom Trillon. "He's gone. No one can catch Relly Buckaloo after he once gets under those over-hangin' banks!"

"But the women—look after them," cried Bob Merrick.

"Why, they seem to be all right," said Tom, glancing toward the house from which, frightened but unharmed, Mrs. Trillon and Maggie had watched the scene just enacted.

"A little scared, may be, that's all. Come on." But Merrick, worn out by the events of the past two days, had fainted.

When he revived, Maggie was supporting his head and the rest of the Trillons were gathered about him with anxious but kindly faces.

"Maggie," said Captain Trillon slowly, "there is good in this young man yet. He saved you from, may be, worse than death to-day. Don't you think"—his words became still more deliberate—"you might give him another chance?" For answer, Maggie bent her head and pressed her lips to the white face at her feet.

"Queer how you missed Relly, wasn't it?" said Tom to his father. "I guess he won't trouble us any more though."

But Captain Trillon, although he little dreamed it, had not missed. The inky waters which wind among the marshes hold strange secrets, and only the winds and waves, which sport with motionless figures drifting out to sea, knew that Relly Buckaloo would trouble them no more forever.

—*David Potter.*

IN MEMORIAM.

WHEREAS, God, in His all-wise providence, has removed from our midst FRED PEARSON OHL, a beloved fellow-member of the Class of Ninety-eight in Princeton University; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, as a class, mourn the loss of one of our number, and wish to bear testimony to his upright and honorable character while associated with us at Princeton; and be it

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family, and join them in their sorrow at the termination of a life so full of promise; and be it

Resolved, That these resolutions be sent to them, that a copy be inserted in the *Daily Princetonian*, the NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE and in the daily papers of New Castle, Pennsylvania.

In behalf of the Class of Ninety-eight in the University of Princeton.

JOHN E. GRAHAM,
ROSWELL G. EASTON,
WILLIAM H. BANNARD,
GEORGE H. MCFARLAND, JR.,
ROBERT D. DRIPPS,

Chairman.

EDITORIAL.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

ALL contributions for the November LIT. are due October 21.

The Board desire to announce again to the college that the following prizes will be given by them during the coming year :

A prize of Ten Dollars for the best poem handed in before November 10, 1895.

A prize of Ten Dollars for the best story handed in on December 10, 1895.

A prize of Ten Dollars for the best sketch of Princeton college life, past or present, to be handed in on January 10, 1896.

A prize of Ten Dollars for the best oration delivered by a member of one of the three lower classes on February 22, 1896.

IN BEHALF OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

SHADES of Freneau and Madison, our beloved sires !
Veil your ghostly eyes that ye may not regard the changes which we face to-day in this place, the cradle of our nation. Can it be that our "Americanism" or Anglo-Saxon prejudices are offended, or is it really our sense of fitness and pride in our college and its patriotic part in our nation's history that are touched, and result in the hearty disapproval of those busts which line our walls to-day ? We are not playing the part of children, proud and conceited, nor are we experimenting in spread eagle, Fourth of July oratory when we maintain that the busts of the

potentates of the old world have no right to the place they now hold here in democratic Princeton. Has the lesson of the battle which was fought here a century ago been forgotten, or that historic episode of the painting in old North been overlooked? The cannon ball, which in crashing through the masonry of old Nassau Hall decapitated the portrait of George III. of England, rests uneasily in its grave.

We are not speaking in a tone of blatant self-assurance, nor do we show a disregard for the bands which unite the nations of the earth in a peaceful union for progress and development. The problems of life in the antipodes are ours. The cry of struggling humanity is heard the world over, and aid comes from all to all without respect to geography, language or kin.

It is no false pride or ignorant prejudice which we voice in these pages. It is a degradation of our democracy which would allow us to cry aloud that we are sufficient unto ourselves. It is not a failure to appreciate the grand scheme of sovereignty and administration, giving to each people its own form of government, which calls forth these words. The feeling which joins all Anglo-Saxon people in love and admiration for the great and good woman, the Queen of England, is strong within us. That a bust of her or any one of the many other rulers of the world should adorn our walls is well enough in its way. Monarchy is a splendid institution and we in no way decry its good offices. James Russell Lowell, in his address on Democracy, said, in speaking of the various forms of government: "There is not one that could stand a cynical cross-examination by an experienced criminal lawyer, except that of a perfectly wise and perfectly good despot."

This is no place to criticize or discuss the various forms of government in the world, had we the wish to do so, which we have not; nor again do we cast any reflections upon those whom destiny has placed at the heads of these

governments. We wish to be clearly understood on this point. This editorial is again no glorification of democracy as such, though we may raise our voice in praise of those who have by their efforts made us the great nation we are to-day.

It is with a sincere desire to be moderate in the expression of our feelings that we say again that our sense of fitness is sorely tried by the appearance of these busts.

Let us illustrate our meaning. If the reader were to walk into the Bodleian Library at Oxford he would see a magnificent portrait of the Prince of Wales. Suppose in its stead he should find one fine morning a statue or bust of George Washington or Abraham Lincoln. Be he of whatever nationality, he would be puzzled to explain the motives which could place such a figure there. If he were an Englishman, he would protest in anger. Again, let the visitor enter the Commons or the Library of almost any one of the colleges—of either one of the two great English Universities, and he would see lining their walls the portraits of men who have walked in “those grey seclusions of the quadrangles and cloisters at Oxford and Cambridge.” He would feel that “the chapel pavement still whispered with the blessed feet of that long procession of saints and sages and scholars and poets, who are gone into a world of light, but whose memories seem to consecrate the soul from all ignobler companionship.” Let us imagine the effect upon the graduate or undergraduate of any of these colleges, if instead of the portraits of Browning, Gladstone, Addison, Macaulay, Salisbury or Tennyson, he should see those of President Cleveland, the Shah of Persia, the Mikado of Japan, the Sultan of Turkey, Nicholas of Russia, Humbert of Italy, and so on through a long list. Do our readers see what we mean? Do they appreciate the outraged sensibilities which are felt by us?

If the tribute, and it is no small one, had been paid

by our Faculty or Trustees, or who ever is responsible for these busts, to men famous the world over for achievements in scholarly learning and research, in science, in politics, in art, in religion, or in the accomplishment of some grand project for the good of mankind, then would there have been no dissenting voice. If we had seen the statues or portraits of Luther, Dante, Shakespeare, Columbus, Goethe, Gustaphus Adolphus, William of Orange, Michael Angelo, Tennyson, Newton, and so on through the long list, there would have been a hearty vote of thanks given by all.

If a few remarks, by the way, may be permitted here, let us note a few tendencies which Princeton has shown in its course of one hundred and fifty years. It will rather be the lack of certain tendencies which we wish to mention.

There is no reputable university in the country which has not a chair of music in its faculty except Princeton, but as we trace our course from earliest beginnings, we can understand how at first this could be the case, but that to day this fact is true, is one of the most disappointing things to Princeton men.

Again, we have never possessed any real masterpiece in painting or sculpture, and the development of the artistic and æsthetic side in our university course has been wonderfully neglected. The daily presence in a community of some fine work of art, with all its atmosphere of high and noble thought, is worth more to that community morally, intellectually and æsthetically than a hundred sermons or lectures, be they ever so well written or delivered.

Here is a chance for some class celebrating its decennial and about to present a gift to its Alma Mater. A fine statue of James Madison, erected at some conspicuous point on the campus, would be of benefit beyond reckoning.

This idea leads us back again to our subject of discussion. We had said that the representations of scholars and poets and saints would have been welcome; but how

far more so would those of the men who in our nation's direct hour of need sacrificed their all for her sake, and particularly those of them who are Princeton men. There are many who learned their lessons of patriotism and devotion to high ideals within these very walls. We would hail with delight the figures of the heroes of Princeton and our country. The men who not only fought and died for us, but who along every line of development—in politics, in religion, in science, in literature and culture have untiringly devoted their energies to aid the growth and prosperity of these United States, certainly merit the honor of such a testimony on the part of those who to-day reap the benefit of their labors.

And the effect upon the undergraduates of to-day of such an act! Imagine the incalculable good which would result from familiarity with the names, the features and biographies of these, our noble forefathers.

If there be any knowledge in the unseen world of that of the seen, then might we fancy those to whom we owe such a debt of gratitude, and to whom the development of Princeton must be a source of the keenest interest, raising a song of thanksgiving that their work was appreciated and honored. If their souls have been tried by fears of the influence of pervading fallacies of popular theories and dishonest politics upon this their child, Princeton, now growing to full manhood, then would their anxieties be set at rest, for they would know that here at least we believed that "the most precious property of culture and of a college as its trustee is to maintain higher ideals of life, and its purpose to keep trimmed and burning the lamp of that pharos, built by wiser than we, which warns from the reefs and shallows of popular doctrine."

Hail to our honored dead! Long may the lessons which they learned and practiced remain with us! And may the day soon dawn when we shall welcome here the busts of these our noble ancestors!

TO THE JUNIOR CLASS.

EACH year of the college course has an individual stamp upon it, not only shown in the curriculum or by the part played by the class of each year in the college world, but by the point of view of the man, by the change from year to year of mind as well as body. The subjects of discussion in Freshman year have long been forgotten by the Junior. The ideas of life have gradually widened until, in Senior year, the problem of the part each man is to play in the world is probably the central one.

It is Junior year that gives the greatest opportunities for enlargement of the man's mental horizon, for his development along broader lines. What a man begins to be in Junior year that will he probably become. The putting away of childish things has begun. The seeing darkly, however, is by no means over and the vision will continue to grow brighter and clearer through life.

It is during Junior year that the class is expected to individualize itself. The responsibilities of setting the pace for Senior year loom up in the near future. Within a few months Ninety-seven will be called upon to take charge of the literary organizations of the college. Is she prepared to do so, or has she evinced any capacities which would lead us to hope for a grand year in literary attainment and success when she takes the helm? We speak clearly and forcibly and rightly when we say that the prospect of committing to her charge the conduct of the magazine, which our grandfathers founded and which, through all the vicissitudes of half a century, has held its own, is by no means a pleasant one. The heritage which we now possess is a rare one; to do our duty by it is a difficult task, but we crave the kindly criticism of our readers; to hand it over to those who show but little interest is not our intention. That the precedent of fifty years should be disregarded, or that a break should occur in the regular course of the *LIT.* is a sad possibility.

The fact confronts us that but very few men in Ninety-seven have as yet shown any appreciation of what is expected of them along literary lines. Pride in the class; interest in literature and writing; a love of culture; and a desire for the position as an editor of the *LIT.*, which has been so earnestly striven for in past years, should all act as a stimulus.

It is barely six months before Ninety-seven will be called upon to take charge of the magazine, but the work necessary and the development which must be shown before that time arrives are enormous. That such an appeal as this should be necessitated by the neglect of a class is a sad fact in itself. But the prospects at present warrant the use of the most stringent measures. The Junior class must arouse itself. Its success along other lines has resulted in the idea that literary honors will fall to its share without any exertions. It may find itself mistaken.

What Ninety-seven can do we do not know, but what we believe lies within her power is a close competition for positions upon this board and a successful year following.

The time to begin work is the present, and we sincerely trust that our hopes and not our fears will be fulfilled.

THE COMING YEAR.

THE 150th year has come. The third jubilee of Princeton's existence will soon be celebrated. A glance forward may not be amiss, to see what work there is for us to do, what goals to be striven for.

There is a responsibility resting with the Seniors, which we hope is realized. The strength, speed and direction of the current of the stream of undergraduate life for the coming year are in great measure determined by the Senior class. May it be faithful to its trust. The responsi-

bilities which for a short time rest on its shoulders, are those handed down from class to class for generations back.

The greatest of these trusts is the guardianship of that strong and good feeling known as the Princeton spirit. It is to be shown first of all in the preservation of the democratic foundations of our college life; in the hearty comradeship of classmates; in the strengthening of those principles of truth and honor which have reigned here in previous years—the Honor System in Examinations; the Power and Integrity of the Mass Meeting; the Purity of College Politics. All are to be supported by the present Senior class.

The conduct and management of the various undergraduate organizations is a responsibility that has been too often slighted in the past. It has been at times forgotten that when a man accepts an office he thereby enters into a contract with the college that, to the best of his ability, he will fulfill his duties, and that, through his management, he will endeavor to bring honor and credit to the college.

The voice of the senior must ring in no uncertain tones when confronted with the problems of life and conduct which are sure to arise, and upon the right solution of which must rest the preservation of our young manhood. The Christianity of the college, in the widest sense of the word, looks to the senior as a strong supporter and champion. If he is to be faithful to his trust, he must stand firmly for the moral and religious principles which have made Princeton what she is to-day. He must remember that the highest honorary degree Princeton can give is that of a Christian Gentleman.

The year will too soon have passed beyond recall, and the gates of our Alma Mater will open for us for the last time, and then only to let us pass out from under the shadow of these dear old elms. The responsibilities of manhood are almost upon us, and in the few short months

remaining we must prepare ourselves to play a noble part in the struggle of life and to take our stand for the honor and truth of American manhood. We must strive not only to fit ourselves for the wide opening before us, but to leave stamped upon the college life memories of duties fulfilled and right principles taught to succeeding classes.

These few words have not been said with the idea that the Senior Class is liable in the slightest degree to betray any of its trusts or in any way to fail to fulfill the mission given to it, but only with the hope that the highest expectations may be realized, and that there may be no regrets for lost opportunities when that last sad day of good-byes shall dawn.

GOSSIP.

. I again repose
 and view
 these orchard tufts,
 Which at this season with their unripe fruits
 Are clad in one green hue.

—Wordsworth.

Seven men from all the world back to town again.

—Kipling.

The rose is red,
 The sky is blue;
 The grass is green,
 And so are you.

WELL, here we all are back again, pushing, shoving, yelling, alas, sometimes swearing, grabbing hands and feeling a real sense of relief at being back. What a strange crowd that is which jams into the little junction train after a long summer vacation! Yonder sits a man who has braved the war-whoops of Indians in the distant west talking unconcernedly to a fellow-classmate, who has been waging a far different campaign in a neighboring seashore resort, and who returns laden with spoils in the shape of all sorts of touching mementoes. Then there are browned sailors, sturdy hunters, fishermen, and even embryonic country ministers—here they all are, hustled together, having left their summer identities behind them, puffing toward old Princeton, happy and expectant. "Hello, there." "Yea, Pat." "Well, Shorty." "How do you do?" "Gad I am glad to see you." "Have a good time?" "Just getting back?" "Yes." "Thanks." Well I Guess." How this confused medley of voices combines into one continuous roar as slowly we cross the canal, crawl past the Brokaw Field, looking just as it did when we first saw it in freshman year, and land bag and baggage at the old station.

Poor little fellow! He sat in a corner just behind the Gossip all the way up from the junction. No wonder he looks frightened, no wonder he feels awfully lonesome and miserable amid the noise and bustle around him. However, small and insignificant as he is, and should be, he rep-

resents a new element—the class of '99—Heavens, can it be possible? and as such we greet him to the classic shades of old Nassau. We need not pity him. No hazing—nay more, no guying awaits him, as it awaited his predecessors in "ye good old times;" but we warn him somewhat more mildly than of yore that after all he is green;

The rose is red,
The sky is blue;
The grass is green,
And so are you.

yes, very green. He has still much to learn. He has yet to mingle with his class and imbibe that first cardinal principle of Princeton life—class spirit. This once gotten, and his college spirit will take care of itself. But hold, "Hungry" has grabbed him from the crowd, and with that his experience begins, which is, after all, the best sermonizer.

The Gossip, too, was among the crowd at the station, and somehow he felt almost as lonely as the little freshman looked. Where were the men he was want to see in past years? Yes, "they are gone, the old familiar faces," and in their stead is a pushing, struggling mass of new faces, who, while the Gossip was moving upward, had been silently entering behind him. "Good Heavens!" exclaimed the Gossip. "Look at that imposing individual strutting about the platform, as if he owned the whole college. Why? I hazed"—but here the Gossip caught himself. To be sure he was a junior now. These sophomores and juniors walking around perfectly at home, while we have hardly got used to their class numerals, it seemed almost incredible. How our acquaintanceship dwindles, mused the Gossip, as the years go on. What man in the whole college worth knowing does not a three-months' freshman know? He talks with equal familiarity about that foot-ball manager who won his election by such a meagre majority, and the man just walking there in front of Witherspoon, who, he assures you in an awed whisper, pays his way through college by his poker winnings. He can tell you what club each junior made, and the relative position of every member of the sophomore class, while he feels like lifting his hat as he passes the man who won last year's J. O., and is now taking all the prizes in the hall. But, alas, this all-knowing freshman moves up. New men supersede the old men, new heroes arise and little by little he finds himself thrown on his own class. That sense of loneliness among so many strange faces makes the class-mate, whom he hardly spoke to in freshman year, a thousand times nearer, and so it is that, as the senior year comes to its close, he finds the old bickerings, the old feuds, the old bad feelings, lost in that stronger feeling of class enthusiasm and class loyalty. Yes, concluded the Gossip, it is a good, a very good thing.

By this time the Gossip had opened the door and made his way into the sanctum. What a deserted, dusty looking place it was, but ah, there he was, the old trusty pipe, covered with his summer's coating of dust—

a veritable picture of misery. A good rubbing, some tobacco and a match, however, did the work, and it was soon humming as of yore. "Take me out," it gurgled delightedly, "out into the open air, down to the 'Varsity field. We must see 'em." So it happened that the Gossip and his pipe joined the crowd making down Williams street, and, as he trudged along, vague memories of a wet, bleak day last November, of hearty, hopeless cheering, and of a still more hopeless score, came back to him. But only for a moment. As he entered the grounds and watched that hard, serious work, as his eyes followed the form of that veteran of many a hard fought battle, who had now risen to the captaincy, his spirits rose. If not last year—well what of it? We've got them this time. For somehow you can't down us here. Disheartened and disappointed, we have come back many a time feeling almost hopeless, with only the memory of past victories to cheer us, but once the Fall has come, once the men are out again, and somehow we catch the spirit of those who are working for us, and longingly we look forward to the time when we can try it over.

It was a beautiful clear October day as the Gossip left the field and took a long walk out into the country. How exhilarating it was. The clear, cool air, the green trees, the luscious apples—what can compare to such a walk around Princeton during the Fall? You crawl through a barb-wire fence, punish a few apple trees, and then plod along, munching your ill-gotten fruit, taking in long breaths of air, and feeling as if you were capable of anything. How we will miss these walks, thought the Gossip, when, in the years to come, cooped in dark offices, we muse on these days gone by; but now, as he walked, there came to his mind the ringing words of an old school song:

"October, October,
March for the dull and sober,
The girls in May
Delight to play,
But give to the boys October."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

—Solomon.

What's one man's meat is another man's poison.

—*Ibid.*

What's sauce for the goose is saucy for the gosling.

—*Ibid.*

. I'm happy to meet
With a scholar so ripe and a critic so neat.

—Lowell.

THE Table has joined the ranks of the Philistines. He is thoroughly convinced of the futility of criticism for its own sake. A critic may afford us intellectual pleasure or stimulus, inasmuch as he may have a charming style or new ideas. But a man with "wheels" in his head can neither make or destroy a book. Beyond the first elements of judgment which distinguish between the literary merits of *Lovers Once But Strangers Now*, and those of *Adam Bede*, each man must judge for himself.

Of course there are critics and critics. Mr. Boyesen, as a writer of charming prose, is infinitely superior to the literary hack-reviewer of a certain Southern magazine of ante-bellum days. Yet when the former compares Scott and Howells to the detriment of Scott, there is more than one who would say that his judgment was on a par with that of the latter when he asserted that Mrs. Southworth's *Deserted Bride* would be read and admired long after *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had sunk into oblivion!

The direct cause for the Table's desertion from the side of criticisms for its own sake is this: In his extreme youth he read a certain volumin-

ous English novel entitled *Dombey and Son*. It was his first taste of Dickens, and opened a vast new country for him, tempting him to further voyages of discovery among the inhabitants thereof. He gloried in the pertness and the kind heart of Susan Nipper; in the goodness and simplicity of Mr. Toots; in the fidelity and patience of Captain Tuttle. And moreover, when little Paul Dombey died, the Table's eyes glistened in such a suspicious manner that he was fain to complain of the glare of the sun to escape the ridicule of callous elders.

Then the Table grew older, and read the critics. Mr. Taine said *Dombey and Son* might have been great if it hadn't ended as it did. Mr. Frederick Harrison said otherwise. Mr. James Payne confessed to inability to finish the book! But when Mr. Lang so charmingly accused Dickens of sitting down in cold blood by the deathbed of Little Paul, and saying, "Now let us have a good cry!" and declared that "We" the critical "we," presumably—"decline to weep," then, indeed, the Table pitied and scorned himself for the susceptibility of his infantine heart, and made bold, bad remarks concerning the firm of Dombey.

But recently the Table found himself hungry for a book, with no book near but *Dombey and Son*. So he read a chapter, and another, throughout the seven hundred or more pages, and closed the volume with a sigh that it was so brief. And when Paul Dombey died the Table was glad there was no one near to see him furtively brush the moisture from his eyes. It was a cloudy day, and the glare of the sun would scarcely have served as an excuse.

Then he thought: What is the use of it all? If one set of readers enjoys weeping over little Paul Dombey, who shall gainsay them? Not Mr. Lang! And if another set of readers glories in the adventures of Waverley, or Morton, or the Black Knight, who can reproach them? Not Mr. Boyesen!

Meanwhile, let us all read and enjoy the *Letters to Dead Authors*. No more delightful criticism is to be found on earth. Let us all read and enjoy *Literary and Social Silhouettes*. No recent volume of essays has keener, more thought-inspiring comments on Literature as a whole. But at the same time, God bless the man who can weep over Dickens, and thrill over Scott, and finally, with tiny Tim, "God bless us all."

To That Good Friend, My Pipe.

Good friend, from your heart upcurling
The smoke-wreathes rise and roll,
In arabesques whirling, purling,
They sweep from the fragrant bowl;
And the day's dull dream of trouble
Steals silently out of sight,
And, bright as a sun-kissed bubble,
Come the tenderer dreams of night.

Good friend, we have been together
 Through merry and moody days,
 In winter and summer weather
 We have learned each other's ways;
 And alone, the great world losing,
 You have seen my heart astrir,
 In the rapturous hours of musing
 That were filled with thoughts of *her*!

Good friend, what need of knowledge?
 New learning new grieving lends;
 And the dearest charm of college
 Is the charm of one's college friends.
 In these days of light and laughter
 I have found staunch hearts and true,
 But I think I shall know hereafter
 That the best of them all is you.

Good friend, they must pass, these day-dreams,
 With the passing of careless youth,
 And life is ahead, its gray dreams
 Full-fraught with the chill of truth;
 Yes, soon we shall fall to scheming
 In the great world's heartless maze;
 Then oh, good friend, for the dreaming
 We have loved in these college days!

—*Guy Wetmore Carryl in Bachelor of Arts.*

Daffodils.

Down by the brook beneath a willow's shade
 She planted yellow daffodils one day,
 And tended them and watched them bloom in May,
 Then watched them slowly droop and slowly fade.

She mourned for them, forgetting that each May
 Each daffodil would lift its golden head,
 And sighing sadly said, "My flowers are dead—
 My daffodils that bloomed the other day."

Yet now in an old graveyard is a tomb,
 And there beneath a willow's shade she lies
 With folded hands and covered, sightless eyes,
 But by the brook the daffodils still bloom.

—*Ruth Parsons Milne in Smith College Monthly.*

A Water Lily.

One soft May night a wandering star bent down
 And kissed its image in the gloomy lake,
 And with the morn there rose a golden crown,
 Pearl-strewn with dew-drops for the lost star's sake.

—*W. D. Makepeace in Yale Lit.*

BOOK - TALK.

WRITING FOR PROFITS.

"Money alone sets all the world in motion."—*Publius Syrus.*

"Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost."

—*Fuller.*

LOVE for the Almighty Dollar is not the peculiar sin of any one people; nor, indeed, of any one time nor of any one class. But we do not purpose to moralize either upon its prevalence or upon its evils, we wish simply to notice some of its workings in the special sphere of books.

(For fear of giving offence to a certain most honorable body, we wish it distinctly understood at the outset that we shall have no reference to a small class of persons in a well known institution who sell, under coercion, to another larger class, their paper-covered pamphlets at exorbitant profits and their "new editions" at handsome royalties. We shall confine our remarks to authors who may claim at least the common honesty of placing their books on the open market and allowing the public to buy them or leave them as they will.)

Well may the popular writer of to-day exclaim with Carlyle: "Blessings be upon the head of . . . whoever it was that invented books." Only from a high-born effusion of the soul it seems in danger of degenerating into a mere merchant's *Te Deum* over his gold. That author is endowed with especially strong will and firm principles who does not yield to the temptation of writing to suit the popular taste and reap his golden harvest.

But love of money, whatever the preacher and the proverb-maker may say, is not all evil. On the contrary, it has created ambitions which have stimulated—well, thousands of things in which we have now no concern, but in particular it has produced for us legions of books which would otherwise never have been born. To be sure, it does not deserve unqualified praise for this; if four-fifths of the world's books had never been written, perhaps it would have been as well for the world. But there is the glorious remnant in which man finds half his best life and in whose production the very love of money unquestionably had a part. We may properly distinguish, of course, between writing to make money and writing to earn one's bread. Certainly the latter is the more honorable, but whether a radical difference is discernable in their artistic effects, is another question. In fact, from such a standpoint, the man of

wealth attempting to increase his fortune might well have better results than he who writes under the peculiar pressure of hearing wolf and creditor knocking loudly at the door. Certain it is that a great amount of excellent work has been done under the latter embarrassing circumstances. Daniel Defoe and Oliver Goldsmith will serve as examples of a list which completed would include a large proportion of our great writers. All wrote for money, though some, as Goldsmith, chose writing from preferment, and others, like Defoe, chose their occupation because they found it "more profitable than trade." And the methods which gave us *Moll Flanders* and *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Deserted Village* and *She Stood to Conquer* we cannot altogether despise.

In fact the writing of books is not such an ethereal task as we uninitiated are wont to regard it. But there are definite limits to which art can be carried when the artist has none but mercenary ends. It is right that an artist should reap as much as possible from his work; there can be no one who is not thankful that our writers are being recognized in a more practical way than ever before. Nevertheless, if an author writes "on the principle not of saying something which he wishes to say but of selling something which the public wants to buy," he must do it at the sacrifice of the highest art. Even in such a genius as Defoe the mercenary methods produced most painful results. And Defoe was an exception; few men under like circumstances have attained unto anything of the success which crowned his efforts. We are heartily glad that immortality in an author has no longer to be brought at the price of lifelong poverty and hardship, but that writer cannot hope for the highest honors who would not be willing, under necessity, to purchase his laurels at the greatest cost.

Before us we have a modern example of an experiment along this line—an experiment most successful from the financial point of view, but a dismal failure from the artistic standpoint. It is a brief work of one hundred and eighty meagre pages, dealing with low life and permeated with hopeless pessimism; its name is *Bessie Costrell*, its author, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and writer, subject, characters and all, it sold cheap for fifteen thousand dollars.

The Story of Bessie Costrell is unlike any of Mrs. Ward's previous works. A simple story both in development of plot and in delineation of character, it makes none of the pretensions which burden *Robert Elsmere* and *Marcella*. In fact it is rather a short story than a thorough-going novel, and is executed in sweeping, masterful strokes which ignore unnecessary details and well fit the general plan of the work. In word pictures and faithfulness to reality, in landscape painting and in character drawing, we see something of the power which marks the

* The Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co.) 75 cents.

"hand that traced the history of David Grieve." But the writer is nowhere at her best. When the book is finished we are impressed with the individuality and originality which characterize all that the author has written, but we ask ourselves, nevertheless, if this work, this tragedy in low pessimism could actually have come from the pen of Mrs. Ward.

As a story, it is uninteresting. A woman of low character, proud ambitions and wild passions, is entrusted with an old man's carefully collected hoard. During the owner's protracted absence she begins pilfering and takes to drink. The miser returns and the theft is discovered. General misery follows. The husband, a man of puritanic piety, reproaches and despises his fallen wife till finally, in despair, she puts an end to her life. The point of the "moral" which closes the tale is that "misery provokes pity, despair throws itself on the divine tenderness," by which Mrs. Ward evidently means to imply that Bessie Costrell, failing to find in her husband anything of the "love of the merciful for the unhappy," despaired of life and threw herself on God, relying on the "hopes that pierces even sin and remorse with the vision of some ultimate salvation from the self that breeds them." This may have been the ill defined notion in her act, but as we read the narrative it would seem as though she were trying to flee the present evils not thinking of what might be, whether God's mercy or God's justice—unless to "throw oneself on the divine mercy" be a pretty euphuism for suicide.

A strange character is Bessie Costrell. The author has a great deal of sympathy for her and her ideas, but as we are inclined to sympathize with Miss Raeburn's not very complimentary characterizations of Marcella, so many of the traits which the author commends in Bessie Costrell appear to us by no means praiseworthy. She is coarse, arrogant, perfectly selfish and unprincipled, with no finer qualities to compensate. There is scarcely one admirable feature in her whole character and to justify a study in low life such as this we believe there must be some salient traits of nobility which show the true man or woman through the dark exterior. Isaac, the husband, is truly possessed of a "strange, groping soul." A man of strict, almost pharasaical righteousness, he walks his own quiet way in life and knows nothing of his wife's doings. When the disclosure of the theft is made it breaks upon him as a hideous revelation and he beholds his whole world "lay in ruins about him." It seems no wonder to us and not so great a mockery on his religion that on this night he was unable to take the treacherous, wicked, drunken woman, who was his wife, back to his arms and tell her he forgave all. Though we could have admired mercy, we cannot altogether condemn an overwhelming grief and anger. But when his wife saw the iron spirit "her heart contracted with an awful sense of loneliness," which was natural, and "the wave of a strange, a just passion, mounted within her,"—we should wonder if it were not strange, but whether altogether just we are doubtful.

We will lay aside *Bessie Costrell* with a sigh of relief. There is no flush of pleasure at the end, not even the pleasure of a startling tragedy. It is simply a prolonged note of anguish, a tale of life from dark to darker; down grade by grade till at last comes the lowest depth, the perfect black of night, and the story closes. We do not know, neither can we imagine, a great literary work where the clouds have not some golden lining, and this is the woeful picture which Mrs. Ward has painted for us in *The Story of Bessie Costrell*.

With the heartiest pleasure we turn to another small volume before us—a book brim full of thorough enjoyment. * *A Madonna of the Alps* is a novel by the rising German author, Schultze-Smidt.

It is the first of his works to be translated into English and the original author, as well as the reading public, may be thankful that such a man as Mr. Dole has undertaken to introduce Schultze-Smidt to the English-speaking world. The translation is most chaste in style and perfect in finish, giving the full German force and vigor without a taint of its awkward idiom. The strength of this work is in its word painting; it is essentially a descriptive novel. We are taken out to the Swiss Alps and here we breathe the true freshness of the mountain air; we see the beauties of the mountain lakes; we behold the grandeur of the "eternal hills" and live in the spirit of the Alps.

The story in itself is not of surpassing power. The hero lives in a house where he finds the husband and wife seriously at variance. He comes dangerously near falling in love with the wife and as near getting into trouble with the not too even tempered husband. Then (very sensibly) he goes away, and, returning some time later, he finds the quarrel ended and the household happy—the most fortunate ending, doubtless, which could have occurred, but, for some reason, not intensely satisfactory. The plot weakens toward the end and the general conception does not impress us as masterly. The characters, moreover, are not drawn with any special power. The heroine we admire and with her husband we are mystified, both of which are proper but the minor characters, as, for instance the rollicking visitors, are absurdly overdrawn and artificial, though, to be sure, they would suit a German public better than an English.

But, as we read the pages, we half forget these deficiencies in the magnificent painting both of incident and landscape. We will admit that this is not the highest praise in a novel, to forget the men and their doings, to watch their environments; it would appear more comely in a poem. Yet there is such life in the book, such an appreciation of the beautiful, so much art, that we are carried away by its charms. The descriptions of scenery are brilliant and glow with the imagination of a

* *A Madonna of the Alps*. Translated from the German of Schultze-Smidt by Nathan Haskell Dole. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)

true artist. The incidents also are splendidly told. The striking dramatic force in the picture of the accident of the mountains is unmistakable. The young man in the mountain solitude, hurled to his death over the precipice, makes a most affecting scene and the gloom of the picture is made to throw out in relief the brightness of the ending.

Altogether the book is thoroughly enjoyable and admirably, in many respects even brilliantly, written. English fiction would be richer for further works by the same hand.

We would not make an over-confident statement to the same effect in regard to another little book before us—*Fate at the Door*,* by Jesse Van Zile Belden. It is a simple, unpretentious little work dressed in a neat, original garb and told in a plain, straightforward style. The subject is an experiment in Platonic love, which experiment fails because this special variety of the all ruling passion becomes so much like any ordinary species that the case becomes dangerous. Here comes the resemblance of this story to the tale which we have just laid aside. Neither do the unhappy couple throw themselves into the water, like Bessie Costrell; nor does the husband conveniently betake himself to brighter lands, as the old man in *Saracinesca* is obliging enough to do. There is no *denouement* to the plot, no unfolding, no final discovery or catastrophe, no point to it all. The only culmination comes when the hero is rash enough to kiss the object of his passion—and he uses none of the grace which Wharton evinces when he kneels before Marcella. It is, however, a very satisfactory kiss for all that, and it is the only satisfaction we can get in the book. Soon after this occurrence, Swarthmore, the chief actor, roams off into foreign parts, leaving us no hope of a discovery whether he died of love or found another lady to his liking.

But the little work has its good qualities. The light conversation is very well handled, most of it. The pleasantries and witticisms are bright and readable, giving a sprightly air to the whole story. But when the characters attempt to talk sense they seem to be undertaking an enormous task. So long as they talk for talk's sake, they manage very well, but if they desire to say anything, the conversation becomes so deep and startlingly philosophic, so replete with meaning glances and hand pressures and significant accents that it would embarrass an actor of flesh and blood into flight or silence.

The characters are a motley set. Swarthmore is admirable, unexceptionable; the heroine is rather tiresome, but a "noble woman." The rest are mostly puppets, except that giddy fool who stammers and talks nonsense, him we rather like. The side plots are far too much elaborated and the scenes too profusely told. But we feel guilty in picking

* *Fate at the Door*. By Jessie Van Zile Belden. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.)

a book like this to pieces. It is an unpretentious little thing and was meant to be picked up and read, enjoyed for an hour, then thrown down and forgotten. For this purpose it is very well adapted.

A book suited for the same, and no other particular use, in entitled * *The Countess Bettina*, issued in the Hudson Library edition. The heroine is a very obstinate little princess who gambles and pouts and runs away, and a very naughty heroine she is. We like her all the same, with her daring, impetuous, unbridled nature, and we admire her constant love for the man of her choice. She is not a deep character at all, but it is not a deep book. It is a simple story of adventure, a light novel, intended to pass a summer's afternoon or a winter's evening. As the author avers, "the tale trips upon a very airy foot, within a measurable distance of unreality." In truth, it is thoroughly of the romantic order, without any attempt at great feats of imagination or brilliant coloring.

The work is one of the "end well and live happily ever after" species, and has the customary number of misfortunes before the much deserved peace and quiet come. Indeed, the story is, if possible, even more than ordinarily stocked with disasters. The hero is preyed upon by the militia and hounded by the police; he is in danger by land and by sea, and at length finds himself in prison, where he spends many lonely days without seeing human face or hearing human voice. This has always been a favorite catastrophe and is just now especially in vogue. But really it becomes a little tiresome. He is released, however, after awhile, or breaks away, or steals out in the night or something of the kind, and the union of the lovers is effected; the ready-made suit is defeated, the hero becomes hero indeed, and the curtain falls.

The writing is lamentably careless, and the English!—may some patron saint preserve us from another like specimen! This in a book claiming to be literature—"If my mother were alive it would be different, but she I have no longer." And it is no isolated case, but a fair sample. Is this what English is coming to?

A book with a cover suited to decorate any first-class railway news stand is Anna Catharine Green's latest story, † *Doctor Izard*. However, we cannot but admit that the cover is admirably adapted to the book—red for blood, black for sin and misery, the fantastic curves for mysteries, surely nothing could be more suitable. Within the covers the English, at least, is pure, and the style throughout directly in keeping with the passions of the narrative.

The author certainly handles her plots well. The incidents are all of the weird order, from the death bed in the hospital to the murder

* *The Countess Bettina*. Edited by "R." (New York and London: G. B. Putnam's Sons.)

† *Doctor Izard*. By Anna Catharine Green. (New York and London: G. B. Putnam's Son's.) 50 cents.

confession before the open grave. They all show a strange and fanciful, not to say contorted, imagination. The critic must confess, nor is he at all ashamed of the fact, that he cannot find much pleasure in such books as this. His one exclamation at the close is 'horrible,' but to a certain class of minds they appear to be fascinating, though never, we should say, especially elevating, and for them we judge this would be an interesting book.

Anna Catharine Green is always much the same, though in this book we believe she does outdo herself in ghastly incidents, and whatever excuse any of her books, any ordinary detective tale or ghost story has for existence, the same, we suppose, may be urged for the book in hand.

We are glad to turn to something more solid and sensible. An account of the **Life of Louis XIV. and the Zenith of the French Monarchy* lies upon the table. Like the majority of the Heroes of the Nation Series, it is from the pen of an Oxford writer, and, like all, is the perfection of binding, printing and illustration. We are surprised, however, to discover several typographical errors in it, though they are trifling and few. The work is in every way admirable, and ranks well with the best of the series. The author has abided closely by the general purpose of giving not a chronicle nor a philosophical biography, but a story of the hero, connecting him with his nation and his times. He has succeeded exceptionally well; the narrative is presented in a most readable style, so fascinating that when one has begun the book he begrudges every interruption until it is finished.

The author is fortunate in his subject—that is, if he once grasps the true nature of his hero and the real spirit of the time. This is no easy preliminary task. Louis was a man full of eccentricities, an anomaly in many ways. But when once the biographer has fathomed his man, he has open to him a rich field of operation. This the present author has succeeded in doing and he enters upon his task with an enthusiasm which gives zest to his whole work.

The greatest fault of the book perhaps, from a popular standpoint, is that it presupposes, on the part of the reader, too much knowledge of the period and events under discussion. It frequently begins the criticism of actions long before the events are narrated and sometimes the plain narrative is omitted altogether. For one familiar with the history of the time, this is not serious, but in the biography it is a great fault.

This failing is, however, amply compensated for by the usual clearness of the narrative. The author does not trouble us with any disserta-

**Louis XIV. and the Zenith of the French Monarchy*. By Arthur Hassall, M. A. (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.) \$1.50 and \$1.75.

tions on philosophy, but is careful to distinguish cause and effect, and the work is much more than a "story," it is a well-written history. His point of view is one of absolute impartiality. No race prejudices appear, no personal preferences, no religious animosities, but a well-balanced statement of facts, with careful, logical conclusions. Sometimes we might wish for a little more of Macaulay's color, some more of the fire of passion which glows in every page of the "great Whig pamphlet;" but we remember that color is apt to be false, that fire is likely to consume where it should only warm. In history, surely, facts should be facts and our "Louis XIV" is probably better as it is.

Yet the work, as we have before remarked, is anything but uninteresting. It is so full of the personal element that it cannot fail to entertain. It is so well proportioned; so full of remarkable events, well told; so culminative in its general outline, that it adds the fascination of a piece of fiction to its intrinsic interest as an accurate history of a great epoch and a masterly characterization of a great man.

Another book lies before us, similar to the foregoing in the author's appreciation of the fact that a biography or a history requires other qualities beside accuracy and philosophical insight. This is **The Life of Daniel Defoe*, by Thomas Wright. The first glimpse within the covers reminds one painfully of a chronicle. The dates, lists, names and quotations are so numerous that the reader is at first somewhat appalled. But (begging Goldsmith's pardon) "those who come to criticise remained to read." The author has evidently taken a lesson from former biographies of Defoe, upon which he makes the following terse criticism: "Valuable works, all of them, but dry as the very Sahara." This will never be said of the work of Mr. Wright. A valuable work it certainly is, but burning with true interest from cover to cover.

Of Defoe few people know more than that he is the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, and, indeed, even *Crusoe* has a wider fame than his creator. But Defoe's was a most eventful and wonderful career. Born in poverty, he managed to make a wealthy man of himself while still in his teens, and some twelve times thereafter, on each of which occasions he enjoyed his affluence for a more or less limited space of time and returned (involuntarily) to the condition of his birth. He was connected not only with the literature of his day, but with all movements in church and state. The number of his writings reached over two hundred and fifty, covering nearly all forms of literature, from the political pamphlet to the great novel.

*The Life of Daniel Defoe. By Thomas Wright. (New York; Anson D. F. Randolph & Company.)

Such is the man whom Mr. Wright has attempted to rescue from oblivion and restore to the world. Certainly he is a figure worthy to be placed prominently before the public mind and no better man could be desired to accomplish this task than Mr. Wright has proven himself to be. His writing is racy, spicy and bristling with genuine humor. He brings us into the closest connection with his hero; we go back to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and in all the various phases of his life we live with Defoe. His whole character is written plainly in the pages and we feel, when we finish, that we have gained a new friend.

The book is tastefully bound, profusely illustrated, and provided with several appended lists and a full index. It is undoubtedly one of the most interesting and agreeable works in biography which we have had the pleasure of reading.

There is no one but likes a sympathetic literary critic. Such a one, pre-eminently, is professor Tyrrell of the University of Dublin, in his *lectures on Latin poetry. These lectures were delivered at Johns Hopkins University, in the spring of 1893, and are now first issued in print.

They do not pretend to be a monograph on Latin poetry but a broad criticism of its salient characteristics. The various moods of poetry are discussed, and the work of the leading writers. The criticism, though appreciative, is by no means all favorable. The subject is rendered impartially from all standpoints, and the censure is quite as candid as the praise.

Classic poetry is so often read and taught with regard merely to the intellectual element, that we sometimes forget that there breathes in it the same spirit, the same passionate sentiment which delights us in Shelly, in Wordsworth or in Tennyson. But Professor Tyrrell goes below the form and letter and reads into the true poetry of the verses. With his extensive knowledge of the whole field of letters, moreover, he compares Latin sentiment and expression with those of other languages, and so gives to the work a much wider interest than could otherwise be obtained. It will consequently claim the attention not only of the special student of Latin, but of everyone interested in the general subject of literature.

A never failing source of fiction in this country is the color question. In its various phases it has already given us a considerable amount of literature. It is a problem which, we believe, will continue to attract attention and be a topic of growing importance in our letters. There is such infinite room for humor and pathos, for the tragic and

*Latin Poetry. By R. Y. Tyrrell. (Boston and New York; Houghton, Mifflin & Company.)

the comic, for stories of love and adventure, and all the various phases of passion and the different formes of fiction, that it makes one of the most favorable sides of our American life for the purposes of the novelist. A book hinged upon this question has just found its way to the table—*The Plated City*, by Bliss Perry. The heroine and her brother are believed to be tainted with the ineradicable taint of colored blood. Their various vicissitudes are described, the tragic death of the great physiqued, great hearted brother, serving to intensify the effect of the happy comedy of the whole.

The plot is developed with great variety. Two love affairs are delicately interwoven and each of them commands our attention. Our thoughts are directed to the career, not of one or two, but of half a dozen personages and our interest is riveted upon them all. We do not feel as in *Kenilworth*, that there are too many chief actors and too varied interests, not enough concentrated attention upon any one hero; rather, as in *The Talisman* or *Ivanhoe*, where many personages and interests attract us, but never mislead us from the main trend of the narrative.

The characters are all true to life, and that to the best life, not to the lower water level of *Bessie Costrell*, of some of Bret Harte's and much of our modern fiction. We feel that we are in good company, that we are associating with people in the story whom we would be glad to meet in real life. There is something hearty and wholesome in the men, something sweet and lovable in the women, so that we are carried along not only by our interest in the romance, but by our enjoyment of a pure and healthy association.

The incidents of the story are told with special power. The reader is bound to be stirred by the dramatic force in the narrative of the sweeping fire with its sad havoc, and the giant body of its hero hurled to his death amid the roaring flames. The tour through the prison chambers is also told with great force. The peculiar atmosphere of the place seems to breathe through the pages, and the effect is especially strong and subtle where, at the pool of quiet waters, the visitor drinks the dark potion and throws in his lot forever with the unfortunate.

The book is written in the author's customary style, pure, strong and unaffected, abounding with good humor and wholesome passion. There is an air of maturity and strength about the work which forever saves it from the frivolous, and yet a hearty good nature and a pure optimism which gives it an unfailing charm. The interest begins with the first chapter, and throughout the story it never flags for an instant, growing into a fascination as the plot develops. To one accustomed to read current literature *The Plated City* comes as a decided relief from the half worthless fiction which usually finds its way to our bookshelves.

BOOKS TO BE REVIEWED.

Water Tramps. By George Herbert Bartlett. (New York and London : G. P. Putnam's Sons)

Yale Yarns. By John Seymour Wood. (New York and London : G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Hamilton Declamation Quarterly. By Professors Root and Smith. (Syracuse : C. W. Bardeen.)

The Marriage of Guenevere. By Richard Hovey. (Chicago : Stone and Kimball.)

The Vision of Thyrsa. By Iris. (Boston : Arena Publishing Company.)

The Trial of Sir John Falstaff. By A. M. F. Randolph. (New York and London : G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Foot Ball and Love. By Burr McIntosh. (New York : Transatlantic Publishing Company.)

The Friendship of Nature. By Mabel Osgood Wright. (New York and London : Macmillan & Company.)